

Cannon Crackers An Aid to Love

By Elsie Endicott

ROY DUNNING was 35 and had never been in love. "You see," he said to his friend, Harry Thorne, "if my housekeeper doesn't please me I can give her a two weeks' notice and be rid of her," and he sat back in his chair. "You will fall in love some day," Thorne said, "and that will change the world for you."

Dunning smiled. "I've got past that, old man. Cupid has given me up as hopeless. I—"

The sentence was cut short by the entrance of a graceful girl. She paused suddenly and the color mounted to her cheeks. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Harry, I didn't know you had got back," and she turned to leave the room. Roy Dunning was staring at her as she caught his eyes.

"Don't go, Eva," her brother-in-law said. "This is my friend, Roy Dunning." Roy arose from his chair and bowed rather stiffly.

The next moment the dainty figure

had passed out of the room. "I didn't know you had visitors," Roy said at length.

"Oh, we don't look on Eva as a visitor," answered Harry. "She comes and goes just when she likes."

Half an hour later Roy found himself sitting opposite the sister of his hostess and for the first time a feeling of shyness crept over him.

The next day was a holiday, and in the evening Eva accepted Roy's invitation to motor to the city to see the fireworks.

As they sat side by side he talked quietly and modestly about himself—about his experiments and his hope of discoveries that seemed almost within his reach. Never before had he talked to such a responsive listener. A great gladness took possession of him. He had found the woman he had been unconsciously looking for, but whom he had never expected to find. He gave no hint of what he felt beyond what his eyes revealed.

The next morning he was up with the lark. He wandered out into the grounds to enjoy a smoke. He could not lie in bed when the world was so beautiful and life so full of promise.

On his way back to the house he encountered Harry. Breakfast would not be ready for an hour, so they walked around together and talked about the weather, the crops and many other things, then finally drifted to Eva.

"She is a fine girl," Harry said in a most casual manner. "I sometimes wonder how she and Warren Layton will hit it when they are married."

"Married?" Roy questioned. He felt as if his heart had stopped beating.

"Yes, it's been an understood thing for years. He is considerable older than she, but he's been willing to wait for her."

Roy was seized with a great longing to be alone, that he might recover himself, but the breakfast gong was sounding and they went back to the house. Eva came into the room, look-

ing daintier than ever, but he did not meet her eyes.

After breakfast he read his letters, then announced he must leave for the West at once on business, and half an hour later he was on his way to the station. Cupid's dart had struck deep and the wound would never heal. There was no balm for his hurt like steady and persistent work, and in his laboratory he was eager and alert.

One morning at the end of the year, the great secret for which he had been striving for, leaped out to him. The story of his discovery got into the papers and in a small way, Roy found himself famous.

Eva Lounsbury, scanning the paper one morning, caught his name.

A curious thrill of pride ran through her veins as she read the story of his toil and patience. Then her thoughts wandered back to the evening she had spent with him almost a year ago.

Why did he leave so abruptly? Why had he never come back?

She knew that he was wedded to his work, for Harry had told her that women did not interest him.

Another holiday came and Roy Dunning found himself under Harry Thorne's hospitable room once more.

"Ella wanted me to invite Eva," Harry was saying, "but I put my foot down. I knew you didn't care for women, and besides I don't approve of her conduct of late."

"Has—has your sister-in-law been offending you?" asked Roy, fighting uneasily in his chair.

"Well, I don't approve of the way she's treated Warren Layton."

Roy leaned forward with an eager look in his eyes.

"I don't think a girl should keep a man dangling at her feet for two years and then throw him over," went on Harry.

"Then Miss Lounsbury is not married?"

"No, nor likely to be. Nobody thought she would shy at the last mo-

ment. Anyway, I guess she is having a pretty rough time with the old folks."

"Then you should invite her down here," Roy said with sudden energy.

"I was afraid she bored you out of the place the last time you were here." "Bored me! What could have put that idea in your head."

The next day, Eva arrived at Mooreland, not knowing Roy was there.

When their eyes met she came forward eagerly with outstretched hands. Their hands met and clasped, but neither one spoke. They both understood. Before the day was out they found themselves alone.

"Eva," he said, coming close to her. "You know I love you."

"Yes, I know," she answered shyly. "And you?" he questioned.

"Have you not read my little face," she answered, raising her swimming eyes to his.

"How long has it been, Eva?"

"It was the night we went to see the

fireworks. Every time the cannon crackers went off I would jump and nestle close to you for protection. It was then I knew I loved you, and you only."

"Bless those cannon crackers," he whispered, as he kissed her on the lips.

Similar.

Dolly—Isn't it time to get out of the water now? We have been here for almost an hour.

Mabel (eyeing a solitary male bather)—No, dear, bathing is like baseball; the inning should never be over till the last man is out!

Knew Women.

"Now, to conclude—"

"Hold on, I thought you said you were reading from a woman writer."

"And so I am."

"Oh, no; you are not."

"What makes you say that?"

"A woman never concludes."

When Louis Came to His Senses

By Phil Moore

HELEN had everything a woman could desire except love. She could scarcely remember having her husband's company of an evening since the arrival of their delicate baby boy. Somehow the constant wailing of the little one grated on the father's nerves and each night immediately after dinner he hurried to the comfortable club rooms, where no baby disturbed his pleasant evenings.

Tonight she tip-toed into the dimly lighted bed-room and listened to the irregular breathing of her little son, Louis, Jr. Her gaze wandered from the little flushed face around the luxuriously furnished room.

Helen's gaze again rested on the little troubled sleeper. Some time in the past the doctor had told her a change might possibly benefit the little fellow—it was just a bare possi-

bility, but now as Helen thought it over she resolved to take her baby away the very next day. Her husband was on a business trip that would keep him away at least a week, and at first Helen decided to wait until his return, then she smiled bitterly as she thought how little it mattered to him whether they went now or next week, so the next day found mother and baby on their way to the little country place the doctor had suggested.

In the meantime Louis, Sr., was transacting his business in a far-off city. A college chum had invited him to stay at his house during his time spent in the city. Louis eagerly accepted the invitation for he had not seen his chum for a good many years. After a strenuous day of business Louis went to the home of his friend and was met at the door by a happy

couple and hanging on tightly to the hand of each parent was a healthy, smiling baby of about a year. After the greetings of a proud father lifted his little son in his arms and proudly holding him out to Louis, said: "Isn't little Tom, Jr., some youngster?" and both father and mother gazed proudly at their boy.

Every time Louis started to talk on a business affair or about college days somehow or another the subject drifted back to little Tom until at last in disgust Louis decided to retire, but not to sleep. The room seemed unnaturally still. When he finally dozed off he was startled by a shrill lit-

tle voice that he thought was his baby's, but after listening he discovered it was the wonderful little Tom downstairs happily crowing, even though it was only 4:30 a. m.

The next night Louis did not have the courage to stay with his friend. The happy trio made him feel small and homesome. Going to his hotel he retired early, but it was just the same as the night before. His wife and baby were ever before him. When he fell into a troubled sleep he dreamed he saw them playing together, but neither seemed to notice him. He could stand it no longer and cutting his business trip short he hurried home to find the place locked up.

With a feeling of utter despair he wandered from one room to the other. The little white crib was neatly made up and a kimona belonging to his wife was thrown across the foot. Here Louis dropped on his knees and, burying his face in the folds of the kimona, he prayed that his wife and baby would return. He realized now, for

the first time, how much he loved them. The long days dragged into weeks and weeks into months and every night Louis returned to the empty home awaiting some word from his loved one, but none came.

One night, some months later, Louis sat alone in the bay window watching the little snow flakes pile higher and higher. He did not light up the room for it had become a habit with him now to watch night after night for the two he felt in his heart would never return. Suddenly he heard the faint tinkle of sleigh bells and, instead of passing by, they stopped and a woman with a baby in her arms alighted. Louis' heart almost stopped beating. Could it be Helen and his baby? They were coming up the steps and, with one bound, he was out to meet them and the next moment his wife and

baby were clasped in his arms. When Helen freed herself from her husband's arms she went and turned on the light, then, picking up the baby, she held it out to Louis, saying, "See Louis, our baby has fully regained his health and won't keep you awake any more nights, I know."

"I've been a chump, Helen, but I am going to make it up to both in the future."

Helen was too happy to ask questions, and Louis, Jr., looked just a little surprised when he found himself being rocked to sleep by his father, but it was too big a problem for a youngster to work out so he just went to sleep the same as he had every other night.

After Louis, Jr., had been tucked away for the night, two people very close together occupied the same

darkened bay window where each had watched alone so many nights, and in silence they watched together the all-very snow whirl into little drifts.

Missed a Chance.

"Why you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I—I did."

"Yes."

"What did you do?"

"Ran away."

"Why, good heavens, man, why didn't you engage it for the season for exhibition purposes?"

One Exception.

"Nobody will ever be the brighter or better for such a sour old fellow as Jim is."

"I don't know about that. Gloom samehusbands make merry widows."

BANKER HESS ON TRIAL IN ST. JOE

Committee of Attorneys Report Eau Claire Editor Guilty of Contempt.

Special to The News-Times: ST. JOSEPH, Mich., Sept. 23.—Coincident with the beginning of the trial of Banker E. Hess of Eau Claire, charged with forgery in the raising of the amount of a note, which was taken up in the circuit court here today, Judge White announced the findings of the committee of lawyers appointed by him to investigate Editor Otto C. Waltsgott of the Eau Claire Journal recommending that he be cited for contempt.

The committee consisted of Victor M. Gore, I. W. Riford and Fremont Evans, the court announcing that he had referred their findings to Pres't Charles B. Collingswood, of Lansing, head of the Michigan circuit judges association.

Editor Waltsgott had published in his paper, statements said to have been made by Judge White with reference to the Hess case, which showed him to be prejudiced and an unfit judge to preside at the trial; furthermore that the judge, along with Pros. Sterling and Sheriff Hogue, cooperative "cooks" in the county republican machine, would make no proper effort to bring Hess to justice. Pros. Sterling is ostensibly being assisted at the trial by Geo. M. Valentine, said to have been appointed at the suggestion of the court, after T. C. Birkholm, the complaining witness, had been refused permission to have counsel representing him, sit in the case.

Prosecutor Is Cautious.

Valentine, however, is taking no part in the proceedings, except to lend his presence, occasionally whispering something to the prosecutor, while the prosecutor on the other hand, shows his interest in the trial, by such remarks as: "Now don't talk that way. The defendant's counsel might object."

In opening the case to the jury, Pros. Sterling used the remark: "When this case goes to the jury, if it ever does go to the jury," etc.

The prosecutor is said to have recently made the remark that he would "just upon the case going to trial" try to let twelve men exonerate Hess.

It is accordingly not expected here that very much convicting evidence will get to the jury, and the trial may not last more than a couple of days.

The outcome of the Waltsgott contempt charges is really exciting more interest than the Hess case. Reference of the latter to Judge Collingswood of Lansing, is taken

to indicate that Judge White proposes having the Waltsgott charges against him investigated by the state circuit judges association, and that whatever proceedings are instituted will come from that body intent ascertaining his fitness to hold his job as a judge.

NEW CARLISLE, Sept. 18.—Funeral services for Charles W. Trowbridge, who passed away at the family home on Ada st., Tuesday morning at 1:50 o'clock, will be held at the residence Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, Rev. J. Walter Neill officiating. Burial will be in the New Carlisle cemetery, in charge of the Masons, Mr. Trowbridge having been an honored member of that order.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Proud are parents of a daughter, born Thursday, Sept. 18.

Mark Van Dusan has purchased the Joseph Sutton farm in Hudson township.

The marriage of Miss Inez Wykoff, daughter of Mrs. Anna Wykoff, and Webster Carr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carr, was solemnized Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. On account of the illness of the groom's mother the ceremony was performed at the home of his parents, in the presence of only members of the immediate families, followed by a reception and wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's mother. Both of young people are well and favorably known here and have the best wishes of a large circle of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Carr are spending a two weeks' wedding trip in southern Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Trowbridge were called here Tuesday by the death of the former's father, Charles Trowbridge.

Mrs. L. N. Miller entertained the ladies of the C. W. B. M. at an all day meeting Tuesday.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Christian church had an all day meeting Wednesday at the church.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rayburn and Mr. and Mrs. Giles Pence, of Bloomfield, la., are guests of relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Van Dusen and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Benoit and family, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hooton, Mr. and Mrs. Orson Bunton, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Rodgers and children, with their guests, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rayburn and Mr. and Mrs. Giles Pence and children, of Bloomfield, la., motored to Michigan City, Sunday, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Warren.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Bunton will entertain Sunday with a family dinner in honor of their guests, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rayburn and Mr. and Mrs. Giles Pence, who will leave Wednesday for their home at Bloomfield, la.

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THIEF SENTENCED FOR LONG TERM

Lagrange Farmer Given from One to Fourteen Years for Stealing Wire.

GOSHEN, Ind., Sept. 23.—Tried before Judge Drake of the Elkhart-Lagrange circuit court and a jury, the trial lasting five days, Christian Shultz, a farmer residing in the Brushy Prairie section of Lagrange county and said to be worth \$35,000, was found guilty of having received stolen goods. He was sentenced to imprisonment in Michigan City prison for from one to fourteen years and fined \$50 and costs. Pending judgment on verdict he deposited a \$2,500 cash bond. Shultz was charged with having in his possession 35 rods of wire fencing belonging to DePaulus university farm, in Lagrange county, which he knew had been stolen.

Makes Confession.

On the witness stand Shultz made a complete confession and brought about the arrest of one person on a perjury charge as the result of admitting that efforts had been made to block a grand jury indictment being returned.

Going before Judge Drake, Shultz made a plea for suspension of sentence, saying he would travel over Lagrange county and make settlement in full with persons from whom he had stolen. His offer was refused. Shultz owns 160 acres of farm land. He has a wife and one child, a daughter. Some of the witnesses testified Shultz's reputation

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was so bad that he was generally charged with having gained his extended means through practicing dishonesty over a long period of years. He had often been in trouble but never before faced the penitentiary.

Paint Bridges White to Help Protect Public

COLUMBUS, Ind., Sept. 23.—To offer greater safety for the traveling motorists, all the bridges in Bartholomew county are to be painted white. Work already has been started on the Marr bridge across Clifty creek.

It has not yet been learned here whether the recent action was due to the frequent visits of John Barleycorn in this district or because of the proximity of the blind institute.

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September Sale of Gloves

Underwear Specials

Buy underwear for the whole family at these low prices and save money.

Women's Gauze Union Suits (slightly soiled), in small sizes only, tight and loose knee. Values to 50c. Very special, suit,25c

Women's Gauze Vests, in small sizes, in sealed package. Special25c

Women's Union Suits, light weight fleece, in high neck and long sleeves, Dutch neck and elbow sleeves and low neck and sleeveless, in all sizes. Very special, suit \$1.00

Children's Union Suits, light weight, jersey ribbed, with drop seat. Sizes 6, 8 and 10 at \$1.00; sizes 12, 14, 16, at \$1.25.

Men's fine ribbed Union Suits, all sizes, in white and cream. \$2 values at \$1.50

Women's Pink Silk Camisoles, lace trimmed. Very special at \$1.00

Women's Pink Batiste Bloomers. Very special 63c

Brassiers, lace and embroidery trimmed. Special—ly priced at25c, 39c, 50c

Women's Chamousette Gloves, 16-button length, in sizes 6 and 6½ only. Very special, pair 50c

Chamousette Gloves, in brown, pongee, black and white; pair, only75c

Kayser's Chamousette Gloves, gray, mastic, khaki, black and white, pair \$1.00

Hall's Chamousette Gloves, stitched backs; all sizes, pair85c

Kayser's Silk Gloves, patent finger tips, in colors. Priced from .75c to \$1.75

Black and White Kid Gloves, extra quality, per pair \$2.50

Brown, gray and tan, per pair \$3.00

Women's Neckwear, in organdie, lace and georgette. Special50c to \$2.00

September Sale of Handkerchiefs



Women's Initial Handkerchiefs, broken line. Sale price, each only8c

Women's Handkerchiefs, plain and initial. Very special, sale price.25c

Men's Khaki Handkerchiefs, woven fast color, soft finish; 25c kind. Sale price at19c

Men's "Square Deal" Handkerchiefs, white hem-stitched. Sale price, 3 for25c

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